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Pinkerton Academy

November 1904.

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The Pinkerton Critic.

VOL. I.

DERRY, NOVEMBER 1904.

NO. II.

Published twice each term by the students and faculty of
Pinkerton Academy,

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Subscriptions 50 Cts. a Year. Single Copies 10 Cts.

DERRY, N. H., 1904.

THE editors present this second number of THE CRITIC with feelings of increased confidence, for the enthusiastic reception of our first number confirmed our belief that a school paper is a necessity at Pinkerton. We would therefore express our appreciation of all the interest displayed by alumni and students, and promise our utmost efforts toward making this sheet all that such a paper should be. To do this we shall need constant support; THE CRITIC will live only because it satisfies a real demand. Every student and every graduate owes it to his alma mater to look to it that he does his part toward making both the demand and the satisfaction real.

WE would at the very beginning greet our new Junior class. By this time they have discovered that we have laid hold upon them and made them a part of our school, and have put upon them the same responsibility of duty that we ourselves share. As upper class students we regard them as very fortunate; when they reach the later years of their course they will understand, far more clearly than they can now, that it means a great deal to be admitted into such a trust; that there is a wonderful opportunity in the early days at Pinkerton for shaping the life in the mould of right and true living; that the impressions gained in the Junior year have determined the characters of not a few noble young men and women. And so we greet our Juniors and congratulate them, and wish them great happiness and prosperity while with us.

Instructors at Pinkerton Academy.

Principal—George W. Bingham, A. M. (Dartmouth)
Latin and English.

Mary Nesmith Parsons, Greek and French.

Cassius S. Campbell, A.B. (Dartmouth), Natural
Sciences and Mathematics.

Arthur Warren Reynolds, A.B. (Harvard), History,
German and English.

Mary Blaisdell Bartlett, B.S. (N. H. State College),
Drawing, English, and Natural Sciences.

Elizabeth Greenleaf Prescott, Vocal and Instru-
mental music.

Mrs. Pillsbury, Physical Culture.

Grace E. Fogler, Expression and Elocution.

_____, Librarian.

The Philomathean Society.

The plan for our Philomathean Society was made by two of the students, with the help of the Principal, and it was organized in 1886, with a few members; but the years that since have passed have increased their number, and today we have thirty-two. At first the society was composed of boys only; but within a few years, it has opened its membership to the girls.

Our society has made itself known beyond the walls of Pinkerton, and has been justly honored through the entire state, for it held for many years the State Championship of debating clubs. This it won and kept by defeating in Interscholastic Debates, the Manchester High, and Concord High societies, the former, once, and the latter, twice. We are sorry to say that in 1901 this honor was won from us by Concord, but we are ever hoping and working for the time when we may try to win it back again.

It has also been a custom to hold a public debate each winter at which two teams chosen from the society contest against each other for a small money prize. This yearly prize debate has been of much benefit, because it acts as a stimulus to the Philomathean and also brings the townspeople into a closer acquaintance with us.

Last winter the society made a new departure, and one which it is hoped will be continued, in that it gave a reception to the other members of the school in the Academy Hall. This, the society's first social, was very successful, and we think that it has had its effect in making the scholars who were not members more interested in us, and has been

the means of adding several members to our list.

Our society was organized with several worthy purposes in view, and these it has ever sought to carry out; to give those who wish it practice in the principles of argumentation and in parliamentary usage; to encourage more systematic literary work; and thus to add to the intellectual growth of the members. That it has accomplished these has been shown in many ways. The officers, changing each term, have learned the principles by which public meetings are governed, while those not holding office have become familiar with the general rules governing debate motions and order. The members, by being obliged to look up matter upon different subjects, learn the proper use of a library; they become acquainted with the history of important questions, upon which many of them would not otherwise take the trouble to inform themselves; and they are stimulated to keep a better watch on the current events, in order to meet the requirement which any meeting may make upon them.

Another great benefit derived from the regular exercises of the meeting is that from the extemporaneous speaking. Young people generally find it difficult to talk in public unless they have something prepared, and even then they are lacking in confidence. But after they have been obliged at our meetings to speak a few times upon unprepared subjects, they begin to find it easier, and at length feel no great trepidation at being called upon for a few words anywhere. It also assists in the class-room and makes it easier for a pupil to recite. Thus all of our members gain the aid which they need through school, and then through all their life, and

which so many people need but do not possess.

Our great regret today is that these advantages are not shared by a larger number of pupils. Every student is welcome; no one can become a member without obtaining a permanent and lasting good.

The Paradise on Earth.

Paradise is our ideal of a beautiful spot, where everything is good and beautiful, and nothing breaks in to mar the peace. Life there is a joy, and the life and glory of all radiates from God. The love of God pervades the very atmosphere.

God, in his infinite goodness, gives us a foretaste of heaven right here on earth. This earth is as much heaven as heaven itself, for God's love has filled it with beauty. In the book of Revelation we read of the New Jerusalem with its jasper gates, and golden streets, and all manner of precious stones. Does this picture appeal to us? I think that God has given us in this world a better paradise. Mrs. Browning expresses a beautiful thought about this heaven-world of ours.

"Earth's crammed with heaven;
And every bush's afire with God: but only
he who sees
Takes off his shoes—the rest sit round
And pluck blackberries."

God's earth is beautiful to look upon. Everything in nature is in harmony, as God's perfect will would have men be. Why is it that people in the city spend their vacations in the country? It is to have peace and quiet. They get close to Nature, and she tells them many secrets, and breaths out her bounteous life upon them.

If you never have heard her voice, come

with me into the deep woods. We follow a little path where the trees are thick and dark. The tall pines rise proudly up and whisper to the sky. Listen in the stillness, and you can hear the pines murmur, "Peace! peace! God is great!" I see little clumps of ferns near by, and by some magic power they draw me toward them. I pluck the delicate fronds, and the blue sky, peeping through the branches, seems to say, "God is good!" This is Paradise indeed.

Even little window glimpses bring one into touch with nature. When we are working away in the school-room, the walls and desks seem hard and cold, but just the sight of the tree tops outside brings a thrill of something I cannot express. It is like a chord of music that seems to touch just the right spot.

The spirit of the woods is that of awe and majesty, but the open fields and running brooks are full of happiness and joy. How beautiful are the fields with their soft green slopes! Isn't this velvet carpet much better than pavements of diamonds? The brooks ripple through the pastures and woods, telling the story of God's love. We like to watch the brook or river, not only because it attracts our eye, but because it touches the soul.

Then see the myriads of flowers that cover the earth. The fields are whitened with daisies, and their bright faces publish anew the story of God's love. Longfellow has left us a gem about the flowers.

"Spake full well in language quaint and
olden,

One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers so blue and
golden,

"Stars that in earth's firmament do shine."

And with childlike, credulous affection,
 We behold their tender buds expand;
 Emblems of our own great resurrection,
 Emblems of the bright and better land."

There are so many beautiful things for us to enjoy on this earth, that it would take a long time to tell about them all. Some people are all the time looking forward to a heavenly home, but I think, if they would only see the heaven in this life, they would be better prepared for another. Nature abounds with messages of life. The trees, and birds, and flowers, and everything in nature are full of God's love, and they make this earth a veritable Paradise.

E. H. T., '04.

"Elizabeth's Surprise."

BY CLARA MOODY RIDGWAY '04.

This story won the second prize in the prize story contest of June 1904.

"It's a powerful hot day for so early in the season," said fat Aunt Sallie Dale as she unrolled her mending, "A sea turn wouldn't come amiss to my comfort." Elizabeth's "Yes, ma'm" was rather listless, but the next moment a daring thought came to her. "Please, Aunt Sallie, may I go up attic and visit a while? It's so warm I couldn't catch cold if I tried." Aunt Sallie, afraid of colds though she was, could not reasonably imagine any trace of winter chill in the stuffy, sunny attic room. "Land! child, I s'pose you're achin' to get at them dolls. Well, yes, go. I guess you'll bake before you freeze."

Elizabeth hurried up the steep garret stairs, and over to the little hair trunk. Lifting the cover, she leaned it carefully

back against the sloping wall, and looked in. There lay the queer old dolls made by Aunt Sallie's sister, and stowed away up attic so many years before. "You haven't changed a mite," said the child happily. "You're just the same old dears!"

"I hope your children haven't fretted you too much, Mrs. Tobey," she continued, taking out as she spoke a small, black leather shoe actually filled to overflowing with children. "It's no wonder you don't 'know what to do' with so many. You and Dinah shall go right over by the window. I guess Gran'ma Kimball will let her Dinah keep an eye on your babies."

When the "old woman who lived in a shoe" had been carried to her place, with black Doll Dinah as nursemaid, Elizabeth came back and knelt down by Gran'ma Kimball. She was a dear old lady, with a wrinkled kid face, bright black bead eyes, and red silk lips drawn into tiny puckers with such happy skill that they suggested a past full of smiles and kisses. Down in the depths of the trunk Elizabeth stole a kiss. "You are so sweet," she whispered, "and nobody'll ever know. I can't quite bring myself to kiss the others; but they won't care, 'cause they didn't see."

With her favorite in her arms she went over to the broad low window, and, sitting on the floor with Gran'ma Kimball and the other dolls in a little, flag-bottomed chair before her, began one of her "truly talks."

"It's so very long since I saw you—most half a year it must be—that you may have forgotten part of what we talked about last time, slep' it off like Aunt Sallie p'r'aps; but you know I was tellin'

you 'bout my Californy Pa, what's so far away a huntin' and a huntin' for gold; and he's what we're goin' to talk about to-day.

"You remember, I guess, 'bout the little log cabin where Daddy lives, 'thout any floor at all 'cept the really ground, and just a pantry shelf like for his bed, and nothin' pretty 'nless you watch the fire burnin,' or p'r'aps look out o' the window and see a mountain."

"Did you ever see a mountain, Gran'ma Kimball? I never did. The sand dunes look pretty high-uppie to me when I'm down 't the foot 'sinkin' in every step I take, and Aunt Sallie groanin' 'cause she thinks she can't never get up to the top; but, dear me! a sand dune is teeny pigmy side of a mountain. They're so tall and grand that the tops reach almost up to heaven, and way up high they're all white and shinin' with snow just like a angel's dress against the blue. Then by-and-by down the mountain side comes the great big trees where you and I wouldn't want to go, 'cause of bears ahidin' there all ready to eat us up."

"Well,—now listen, you Tobey children! —Daddy was in his cabin one day afryin' fritters, and looking out now 'n' then at the mountain, I s'pose, and all of a sudden a Injun come and stood in the door. I should be afraid if I saw a Injun standin' at my door, but Daddy wasn't. Daddy ain't afraid of nothin'. So he 'vited the Injun in, and thought he'd 'speriment on his appetite. And the Injun kep' eatin' an' eatin', 'cause he never had anything so good before, I guess. And pretty soon Daddy said somethin' like this, 'It's great fun to fry flapjacks. Wouldn't you like to try?' And the Injun looked at Daddy standin' there before the big fireplace with

the oak logs burnin' so pretty, and Daddy just tossin' up the long-handled pan once 'n a while, and the fritters floppin' right over with the brown side up so crisp and nice, and the Injun—his name was Uphippa—thought he'd cook like the wagga. That's a word that means you and me and anybody that's white. So he took the pan, and when Daddy knowed the fritter was ready, he sung out, 'Now, Uphippa!' And the Injun jerked the spider up so quick and fierce that the fritter hopped way up into the air and come down into the fire. Well, it was kind of comical for Daddy, and kind of scary for the Injun, but he wa'n't d'scouraged, so Daddy let him try it over again till he'd got his lesson learnt real good."

"Well, one mornin' after that when Daddy got up and opened his door, there was a big fresh salmon hangin' on it. And pretty soon Uphippa came along. Then Daddy knowed 'twas him what done it, and he gave him some more fritters.

Uhippa, he kep' comin' and abringin' presents o' deer meat, 'cause he liked the fritters and liked my Daddy too, so't he and Daddy got to be great friends. And one day Daddy showed him my picture what went across the Isthmus, all dressed up and lookin' nice; and the next time Uphippa come, he brought a string o' wooden beads what he made himself. And now Gran'ma Kimball, comes a very beautiful thing. The Injun said he made 'em for the little Boston papoose. That's what he calls me, 'cause he thinks that any place out here belongs to Boston; he don't give no thought to Newburyport. So that's how I got my Injun beads, my jew'lry from the trees, I call 'em."

Elizabeth stopped abruptly, and gazed at the listening dolls. Finally

she went on: "P'r'aps you think it's queer that I can 'eat and drink' and be kind o' 'merry' with my Daddy gone away, but I'm just awaiting' and alivin' for summer to come. Daddy knows how I love s'prises, and in his last letter he says, 'Tell 'Lizabeth before the summer's ended, I'll s'prise her by walkin' in. I won't set the time,' he says."

Elizabeth dropped her chin on the window-sill, and looked far over the marshes where the ocean stretched in a line of beautiful blue just beyond the beaches of yellow sand. "If I could only look far enough, p'r'haps I could see you, Daddy dear," she sighed, "but my eyes wasn't made for seein' so far."

Slowly the distant marshes, the nearer streets and houses, faded from sight. Elizabeth no longer saw at all, for she was fast asleep.

The persistent ringing of a large bell on the sidewalk below awakened her. "The town crier" she thought drowsily. "What can the matter be now?" In another moment she had half opened her eyes and was blinking them enquiringly at the brightly polished metal. But what of the face above the bell? Had the little crier's white curls turned suddenly black? Were those smiling eyes—? "Daddy! my Daddy!" cried the glad child's voice.

Elizabeth's surprise had come.

After the Party.

What a mystery has always hung about Hallowe'en! What strange customs our ancestors practiced on this evening, so that even now this is the night of all the year for gay parties, and Hallowe'en the magic word which excuses all our pranks.

On this particular Hallowe'en I had returned from one of these frolics. I crept

quietly into the library and sat down before the open grate for the express purpose of toasting my shins preparatory to retiring. I realized for the first time during the evening that I was tired—very tired. I had no desire to go down cellar backwards for the sake of seeing my future husband's face in a mirror. I had learned all I cared to learn about the future for one night. So I sat on and on, dreamily gazing into the lazily flickering fire.

It was the bewitching hour of midnight, "When over half the world nature seems dead,
And wicked dreams disturb men's minds asleep,
And none but the wolf and the murderer is abroad."

My student lamp burned low. The clock gave that little click which clocks always do before they strike. I was so warm and cozy I hated to move, and so I sat nodding. Suddenly I became aware of some one knocking at the door. At first this failed to rouse me, and I only wondered dreamily who could want to see me at that hour. All at once I slipped from my chair, fell to the floor, and with a start looked toward the door which I am sure was closed all the time. But as I looked I saw some one standing between me and that very door. I was greatly startled, for the face was ghastly and not at all familiar. Moreover there was not a bit of color to relieve the awful whiteness of this strange personage. The outlines of the figure were not strongly defined, but there seemed a filmy mass from which the awful face looked straight into mine. No sound was made. The silence became oppressive. Even the tick of the clock would have served to break the monotony, but that had stopped. Petrified by the awful spell, I had not the power to move or scream, though I felt every moment that the hideous apparition

tion was drawing nearer without moving a limb. Slowly, surely, it drew nearer, while those awful eyes seemed to hold me in their spell. Closer, closer it came to me. I could feel a chill from it like that from a river fog, and yet could not stir. It would touch me. That awful mistiness would envelop my body. My head fairly buzzed with the intensity of my fear. Buzz, buzz, snip! Something gave way in my brain, and with a wild scream I sprung to my feet and bounded toward the door, throwing myself violently against the unyielding corner of the library table in the darkness, and then stumbling to the other side of the room only to be stabbed by a rocker.

Still in a frenzy of fear I made another lurch only to perform a Chinese "kow-tow" over a hassock. Could I never reach the door? Had that wretched creature of the night brought a load of furniture? The room seemed filled with chairs and tables. I cracked my shins on table legs. I fell on chairs and under chairs and both sides of a chair at once without knowing how I did it. I broke flower pots and pictures, several commandments of the Good Book and other bric-a-brac. It seemed ages before I reached the door. I do not know the exact time. I was too busy to consult my watch, but I reached it at last. I do not remember of opening it. Perhaps I went through it like my ghostly visitor. However I do remember of striking something like a door with a violence which should have sent me through it; at least it did send my best gold tooth through my lip.

I am now remaining passively in bed atoning for what others call my flight before a night-mare, but which I know was a ghost. Perhaps it was the ghost of a nightmare.

E. T. C. 06.

Advice From a Sophomore to a Freshman.

Taking into consideration the fact that only a year ago I was myself a freshman, I can sympathize with the struggles of you of the present Junior class. I shall therefore endeavor to give you a few points of advice which may help you. There is an old song which says that advice that is given unasked for is not very sweet, and it warns us to look out for a good place of retreat when we intend to bestow it; so hereafter I shall keep clear of all Juniors.

In the first place don't think that just because you have passed the entrance examinations you are "it," for you will find that the worst is yet to come. When you have taken a few "two period" examinations, you won't feel quite so elated.

When you meet one of the Seniors, don't "bow down and worship," for they are almost as fresh as you, only you "would hardly notice it at all."

To the little(?) fresh boys I would say, "When your turn comes to be "ducked" don't straighten out your limbs and stick them through two or three squares of glass, but if they happen to be of unusual length double up, save the duckers a quarter, and get the reputation of being generous. Don't think that ducking is such a dreadful thing, for you need it. You might well feel insulted if you didn't get it, for it is a way your schoolmates have of showing their approval of you.

Do not forget that you are students of Pinkerton Academy, and behave accordingly. Carry yourselves as if you felt the importance of your position, but don't feel too important or you may get "taken down." Just strike a happy a "happy medium," and you will be all right.

I would advise the Junior President to

keep better order at your class meetings than usually prevails at those assemblies. I think you might all join the Philomathean Society and get a few points on parliamentary law.

Now you really owe me a great deal of gratitude for all this motherly advice. Fols low it, and when you feel that more is needed don't hesitate to come and receive lots more from

A SOPH.

Football.

We have come to realize many times this fall that in not having a football team in 1903 Pinkerton made a serious mistake. As a result of this error we have had to develop a team out of inexperienced and untrained material. When we played our first game, with Sanborn Seminary on the first of October, only two of our eleven had ever played before.

Taking this into consideration, we have done as well as could be expected. Our fellows are unusually light, averaging less than one hundred thirty pounds. They have been coached to play a clean game, and to try to make up in speed and strategy what they lack in weight. Nor have they disappointed their supporters. Of course it is impossible to teach a green team the finer points of the game in six weeks. But in every game played thus far, Pinkerton has surprised all by periods of playing that for school boys may well be called brilliant.

In not a game have we been equal to our opponents in weight, and yet Sanborn, Methuen and Nashua together have scored but twenty-eight points against us, a total that would make but an ordinary score for a single game. Indeed Haverhill succeeded in running up as many points against Manchester, and that too is a game where the two teams were sup

posed to be evenly matched. We have not therefore any reason to feel ashamed of our season thus far.

In struggling for success in football we have however to contend against certain difficulties which it seems to us, ought not to exist. These are the antipathy on the part of parents, and the lack of interest by many of the boys.

We feel that in most instances when parents refuse to allow their sons to play football, it is the result of an unfamiliarity with the game. Of course there are cases where the game is too vigorous for certain individuals; one for example who has organic weakness that is liable to be aggravated by violent sport of any kind, ought to refrain from all such sports. But there is current in all communities, and especially in those where football has not been played to any considerable extent, an idea that the game is so dangerous as to make it unfit to be played. Parents have signified their opinions that it is a brutal sport, and some have even challenged the Academy as to the propriety of permitting its students to play football at all.

Now such ideas are wholly erroneous, and arise from a lack of acquaintance with the game. Accidents and sometimes serious ones do occur in this sport, but so do they in all sports. Skating is a form of exercise indulged in by all young people; swimming is a highly valued accomplishment; boating appeals to most people as a splendid recreation; and the hunter and the fisherman are envied by us all as they return with their spoil. But how frequently do serious accidents occur in all of these. And how many more are they, and how much more disastrous than football accidents. Probably not five persons

are killed in a year of football through the entire country; is there a single other manly sport that can claim a better record?

Our other handicap is the indifference of many boys who are well qualified in everything but energy to assist in developing a winning team. Throughout the season we have had no suitable second team to practise with. Why is it that good sturdy fellows cannot give a few minutes a week, when they are needed so much? It is indifference, indolence, the same quality that causes these same boys oftentimes to stand in the rear in other regards. Football is a manly game, and it requires men to play it. It brings out the good qualities of a fellow as no other sport can. A boy who misses it loses an important part of education, even though by many it is a despised part.

Sanborn Seminary 6, Pinkerton 0.

Pinkerton's first game was at Kingston. N. H., on Saturday, Oct. 1, with the Sanborn Seminary boys. The teams were very evenly matched, Sanborn being a little the heavier, and Pinkerton playing with rather more speed. For nearly thirty minutes the game was a tie, neither side being able to score, until, at the very last moment of play, Kingston on a trick made a long run and won. Even the Pinkerton fellows could not but admire the pluck that enabled Kingston thus to score on the last play of the game.

This was a splendid game from every point of view, but especially was it commendable because of the clean playing of both sides. The Kingston boys showed themselves gentlemanly opponents, and won the admiration of their guests by the

splendid treatment they accorded them. To many it would be gratifying if these two academies, so nearly equal in equipment and number of students, could make an athletic agreement whereby contests in all branches of athletics would be annual features of especial interest.

Manchester 43, Pinkerton 0.

On October 8, Pinkerton was completely overwhelmed by the heavy Manchester team who must have outweighed our boys fifteen pounds on the average. During the first half Manchester had everything her way, her backs tearing through the line or romping around the end for enormous gains. Pinkerton's offence amounted to nothing.

In the second half Pinkerton rallied marvelously. For several times we made first down on line plunging by West and Wilson, and once almost succeeded in pulling West through the Manchester line for a clear field. For a few minutes the opposing team had a vigorous lesson regarding the stuff Pinkerton fellows are made of.

Methuen 5, Pinkerton 0.

The next game, on October 15, was played upon our own grounds at East Derry with a team from Methuen. Pinkerton ought to have won, for during a great portion of the playing she gained constantly through her opponents. Methuen scored early, and nearly repeated the deed. In the second half Pinkerton pushed her back almost to the goal line but could not get across.

Manchester 39, Pinkerton 0.

This game on October 19, was largely a repetition of the first game with Manchester. Both teams played good foot-

ball, but one simply outclassed the other completely.

Nashua 17, Pinkerton 6.

On Saturday October 22, we played at Nashua. In many ways this was the hardest game of the year, for each team felt that it stood in good likelihood of winning, and consequently played its very hardest. At times Nashua made long gains; and then Pinkerton would rally and get the ball on downs.

At the beginning of the game Nashua reached the one yard line and was then held for downs. Pinkerton almost succeeded in gaining her distance, but unwisely neglecting to punt, lost the ball and was immediately scored on.

In the second half Pinkerton keep the ball and gained from the kickoff to Nashua's twenty-five yard line. Failing to gain, Gross tried for a field goal. The ball passed beneath the cross-bar, a Nashua man touched it, and a Pinkerton player fell on it behind the goal line making a touchdown, from which a goal was kicked.

Nashua 16; Pinkerton 0.

Our second game with Nashua was at East Derry, on Wednesday, November 2. For the first twenty minutes Pinkerton surprised everybody by an exhibition of the finest kind of football, outplaying Nashua completely.

Nashua kicked off, and recovered the ball after it had gone but twelve yards and had been touched by a Pinkerton player. It looked very gloomy for our boys thus to lose the ball and everyone expected Nashua to make short work of the first touchdown. But Pinkerton was more than ready. Nashua made one or two very short advances, and had to surrender unable to gain the distance.

Pinkerton made first down several times on hard line plunges, and at last punted. The ball went low and was fumbled, a P. A. fellow falling on it. Now was our opportunity for a score, but our offence was not strong enough. When the half ended the ball was well down toward Nashua's goal.

This excellent work was evidently too great a physical strain, for in the second half Nashua made long gains and scored three touchdowns. But our game for the first period was sufficiently good to atone for defeat. It was once more but a case of the heavier team winning.

On the whole Pinkerton is playing a good game. Her chief faults are a lack of interference, poor team work, and a woeful tendency to try to rush on a third down instead of punting. But these are failings that can be overcome. The fellows play cleanly and pluckily, and stay in the game till the last second of time has expired. There is no such thing as failure for such a team.

We have been fortunate in securing Mr. Everett A. Cross '03 as coach. Mr. Cross is himself an experienced player, and knows the game from A to Z. He is remarkably successful in inspiring the boys to hard work, and it is to him that the speedy playing of the team is due.

Through the kindness of Mr. F. J. Shepard, Pinkerton is playing her home games on an excellent field in East Derry. We are very fortunate in obtaining such a campus, and Mr. Shepard has the appreciation of the entire school for his kindness. It is to be hoped that the same field may be obtainable for the base ball season.

The athletic managers wish to express their highest appreciation of the generosity of the boys of the school. Nothing that they could do would more encourage them in their efforts to manage the finances than the splendid spirit shown in paying the dues of the Athletic Association. Such readiness on the part of the school makes it easy to secure the cooperation of the trustees whenever athletic equipment is needed.

We would appeal to all members of the school and to the community as well to come out and support us at our home games. Football costs money, and it is necessary that we have every cent we can get in order to make both ends meet. Come and see these games; give us your admission fee for financial support, and then help out Pinkerton by cheering on our team.

The Class of 1904.

Up from the town, upon a hill,
Where the winter winds blow sharp and
chill,

The lofty walls of Pinkerton stand,
With maples round on every hand.

Upon the hills, far off are seen
The distant pines, the forests green.
The clouds reach down upon the crest,
And shade the sunset in the west.

As pleasant June days roll along,
Behold! a band of fourteen strong
Upon the green, amidst the cheers,
The class of nineteen hundred four ap-
pears.

A worthy class, and brave and true,

Fitted for the work it had to do.
Up o'er learning's rugged way
It made its progress, day by day.

In languages, both live and dead,
Our honor students are ahead.
The rest of us are down below.
Just where we are, we do not know.

In sports athletic, we're there too.
There's something here that we can do.
A runner strong, we have not missed.
A ball player too is in our list.

In Concord town, not far away,
A meet was held one fine spring day.
The athletes all from schools around,
In goodly numbers, there were found.

Upon the mark, the runners bent,
At the pistol shot, away they went.
Down the track mid'st cheers they sped,
Billy Forsaith running ahead.

In declamation, we have one,
Who, last June in the contest won
First prize. In essays too
Of first prize winners, we have two.

Besides our scholars, speakers too,
There are other ones whom we may view.
In dramatic art, upon the stage
We have the actors of the age.

In Julius Caesar, played last year,
Bert Fisher made it very clear
That Brutus' part could not be done
With higher skill. And then for fun
In "As You Like It," our Touchstone
With Audrey, Phoebe, stood alone
In excellence. And we must speak
Of Jacques gloomy, sad and meek.

One day in winter, when the ice
And snow made walking very nice,
A P. A. student, with us he's classed
Was going down the hill quite fast.
Too fast for safety, it appears,

Or else too swiftly for his years ;
On the ice he landed like a block.
We're glad the hill survived the shock.

His countenance, the sidewalk mopped.
Then someone cried out: "Something's
dropped."

And quickly all the students ran
To help the prostrate P. A. man.

As the falling flakes of snow
Unite to form the drift below,
The drift which fills the highways wide,
And blocks the world on every side,

So the Class of Nineteen Four
Firm; united evermore,
One in purpose, one in aim,
Sees the heights of future fame.

THOMAS SAVOY McALLISTER,
P. A., '04.

Alumni Notes.

George F. Bampton '94 is in Europe.

Miss Edith Lucy Clark '01 is at her home
in East Derry.

Miss Kathleen Melvin '96 is teaching in
Dedham, Mass.

Mr. Max Currier Richardson '99 received
his degree at M. I. T. last June.

Allan Ray Kincaid '93 is with the May &
Neal Hardware Co., West Derry.

Waldo I. Ring '97. is one of the regular
conductors on the Chester & Derry electric
road.

Miss Minnie T. Melvin '00 is teaching at
East Derry in place of Mrs. Carrie Pettée
who has resigned.

Walter Elwin Nutt '96 is a physician near
Boston. He completed his medical course
at Boston University.

David B. Mulliken, who is captain in the
U. S. Army at the Philippines, has been vis-
iting his friends in Derry.

Miss Winifred Dodge '96 is teaching in
Melrose, Mass., and Miss Jessie Dodge '96
is teaching in Pawtucket, R. I.

Henry Shurbert is assistant in the green-
houses at the State College at Durham.
He has taken the regular two year course in
greenhouse work at the college.

Mr. Edward A. Stevens '00 was for some
time Pinkerton's only representative in Har-
vard. He obtained his degree from the
Lawrence Scientific school in 1904.

Several former Pinkerton boys are winning
laurels on the gridiron this fall, Albert T. Mel-
vin '01 is playing quarter back for Dartmouth ;
Willis C. Campbell '02 is helping strengthen
the New Hampshire State college line by his
excellent work at guard ; Alfred Malcolm is
captain of Haverhill High ; and George
Priest is playing quarterback for Manchester
High.

1902

Willis Campbell is playing guard on the
N. H. State College football team.

Miss Helen Center is at Boston University.
Miss Mabel Rogers is attending a normal
school.

Several of the class are teaching. Miss
Bessie Wray in Candia, Miss Grace Hunt in
Derry, and Miss Hattie Woodbury in Salem,
N. H.

1903

Miss Annie Pettée is at her home in Derry
Village.

Miss Jennie Friend is at her home in
Reading, Mass.

Everett Cross is coaching the Pinkerton
football eleven.

Harry C. Kimball is employed at the office
of the American Express Company at West
Derry.

Miss Marion Bradford is teaching in Derry.

Several of her pupils entered the Academy in September.

Miss Ada Bartlett is teaching in Raymond, Miss Edith Webster in Auburn, and Miss Lucy Hunt in Derry.

Chester T. Woodbury and Lester W. Russell visited their Pinkerton friends recently. The former is at Dartmouth; Russell is studying law at Boston University.

1904

The class letter has been started.

Miss Ridgway is at her home in Newburyport, Mass.

Miss Bessie Emerson is librarian of the Nesmith Library in Windham.

Albert Fisher has recently enjoyed a hunting and camping trip in Vermont.

1904 boasts already of five school teachers, Miss Gross at Windham, Miss Fisher at Londonderry, Miss Palmer at Reed's Ferry, Miss Barndollar at Nottingham, and Miss Greene at Candia.

Several of the class are continuing their student life. Miss Elizabeth Thompson is at Smith, Forsaith and McAllister are at Dartmouth, Miss Stevens and Miss Haskell are studying kindergarten work, and Miss Rose is attending a business college.

School Notes.

Perley L. Cross, formerly of '07, is working for Perkins, Hardy & Co.

Edward Anderson '07 has left school and is attending Durham college.

The whole number of pupils registered for 1905 is one hundred and five.

Mr. A. S. Todd, one of our former teachers, is in the Village at present.

M. H. Ayer, once of '06, is employed at the car stables in Salem, N. H.

Miss Helen Melvin is taking piano lessons of Miss Jessie Davis of Boston.

One day recently Misses Irene Gross and Ethel Greene both of '04, visited us.

Harold Abbott '07 has been appointed Assistant Business Manager of the Critic.

Richard Burbank Stimpson of last year's junior class is with his sister in New York City.

Lowell Clark '06 is living at Dr. Clarke's and Marguerite Clark '06 is at Dr. Cogswell's.

We are glad to see Miss Harriette Melvin, back after a few days absence on account of illness.

Miss Bartley, a former instructor at this school, is spending the winter with Miss Jane Choate.

The class for Physical culture among the girls is now meeting in the afternoon, instead of during school hours.

Mr. Charles W. Abbott has been appointed a trustee of the Academy in place of Mr. Nathan B. Prescott, deceased.

Miss Lydia Sargent '97 visited school recently, and while here took Mr. Bingham's Latin classes one day during his absence.

Frank Thomas, who will be remembered as Orlando in "As You Like It," is at his home in Londonderry. We miss him in the football team.

The class of '06 in a recent class meeting decided to have class pins instead of rings, and are now trying to choose the pin that they will have.

Miss Clara Wilson of the class of '05, who was obliged to leave last year on account of ill health, was not able to return this year but is at her home in Candia.

Arthur Newell, the President of the class of '07 during last year, is now attending Colby Academy at New London, and is a member of their football team.

We are all glad to have our genial friend and schoolmate, Dana How, back among us, after his long enforced absence on account of an operation for appendicitis.

The prizes for the best record in scholarship through the year went to Miss Marion Cecile Webster '05, Miss Bessie Emerson '04, and Miss Marion Ida Morse '05.

Much sympathy is felt for Miss Nellie Bampton who has been obliged to leave school for a few weeks on account of illness. She is at her home resting, and her speedy recovery and return are hoped for.

The scholars living at Hildreth Hall this year are Blanche Prescott, Lulu Williams, Linda McAllister, Arvilla Thompson, Bessie Bartlett, Elizabeth Wheeler, Nellie Bampton, Howard Moody, Carl Forsaith and Ivan Morrison.

To judge from the name which a Junior wrote upon his English paper, there must have been a new English department established in school, and one that would be ahead of all other schools, viz.: the "Analization Class."

During the weeks of school that have passed already, we have received visits from several of our recent graduates: among them, Frederick Scribner '02, Harry Priest '03, Miss Elizabeth Thompson '04, and Thomas McAllister '04.

A copy of the "New Hampshire College Monthly" has been received by the editor of the "CRITIC," and thanks are returned to its editors. We intend soon to start our Exchange Column, and shall be glad to exchange with any school paper.

The class entering P. A. this year is the largest in the history of the school, which shows that we are alive and flourishing. The number of Juniors is fifty, forty-two of these being new scholars. Of these nineteen are girls, and twenty-three are boys.

Mrs. Ada H. Pillsbury of Lowell, Mass., has been obtained as Physical Culture teacher for the present year. Miss Fogler, the former instructor in this branch, is now able to devote all her time here to the classes in elocution, so we may expect another fine play during the year.

The Seniors have chosen Howard Moody president; the Middlers, Helen Melvin; the Junior Middlers, Blanche Prescott; and the Juniors, Carl Forsaith. The classes have all made good choices, and the "CRITIC" wishes each president the best of success in his administration.

Mrs. C. L. Merriam has been engaged to substitute as librarian in place of Mrs. C. W. Haskins, who is seriously ill at this writing. We deeply regret that Mrs. Haskins can not be with us longer, for she was much liked by for her kindly and genial nature; but we are fortunate in securing such an efficient substitute.

The annual lecture course began on the evening of Oct. 26 with a most interesting lecture on "The Wonders of Growth in Animals" by Prof. Morse of Peabody Institute, Salem, Mass. The lecture was illustrated by bright rapid sketches on the black-board, and though it lasted scarcely more than an hour, every moment was full of interest.

In the Prize Speaking and Essay Contest in June the prizes were awarded as follows: in the speaking contest Ray Clement won first place, thus getting the sum of \$5.00, and Miss Bessie Bartlett the second prize of \$3.00. In the essay contest the judges were unable to decide which was first and which second, and therefore pronounced it a tie between Miss Marion Webster and Miss Myra Foster, and each was awarded four dollars.

Friday evening, Sept. 23, the Senior class gave a reception to the incoming Juniors. A large number were present, and the enter-

taining class did all in their power to help the new and old scholars become acquainted with each other. A short but pleasing program was given and several promenades rounded out the evening's enjoyment. Then all said "Good-night," and went away saying that they had been well entertained.

The Academy Lecture Course.

We are able to announce three of the remaining entertainments, two of them with dates.

Friday, January 20, 1905, an illustrated lecture by Mr. J. Horace McFarland; "The Making of a Book." Mr. McFarland is President of the American Civics Association, and Editor of "Country Life in America."

During November Hon. Frank D. Currier of Canaan, N. H., Representative in Congress from the second district, will lecture on "Congressional Life."

We can also promise a first-class musical entertainment to be announced later.

It is hoped that the public will show its appreciation of this course by attending it.

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